Give Me A Kiss by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

“You’re being so good for me, baby. Six is so good. But you know what would be even better?”
Steve whimpers as he shakes his head, “No, I can’t. It hurts, Billy, please.”
Billy kneels up, brushes his nose against Steve’s, fingers still buried inside him, “Shh. Give me a kiss.”

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Author's Note:

> Tumblr prompt fill for En's NSFW Fic Starters 19-"Shh. Give me a kiss." and 27-Multiple Orgasms.
>
> I am super into this concept and may have to revisit it in the future...
>
> Unbeta'd, comments/kudos/con-crit most welcome!

“I can’t, I can’t, *ohmygod*,” Steve slurs as his cock twitches against the puddle of cooling come on his belly. He’s still rippling around Billy’s crooked fingers, thighs trembling, fingers clutching desperately at the sheets. Billy moans against Steve’s inner thigh, presses a kiss to the smooth, pale skin as he stills his fingers.

“You’re being so good for me, baby. Six is *so* good. But you know what would be even better?”

Steve whimpers as he shakes his head, “No, I can’t. It hurts, Billy, please.”

Billy kneels up, brushes his nose against Steve’s, fingers still buried inside him, “Shh. Give me a kiss.”

Steve’s lips part beneath Billy’s instantly, loose and pliant. Billy traces Steve’s lips with his tongue, fucks in and sucks on Steve’s in turn. Steve gasps into the kiss, hips hitching as his cock begins to fill again against his belly. Billy breaks the kiss with a sharp nip, looks down, awed. Steve’s cock is slippery wet, angry red, abused.

“I *can’t*,” Steve says again, throwing his arms up and over his face, cheeks burning.

“You can,” Billy replies, running the tip of his tongue up the fat length of Steve’s cock. It pulses hotly against his tongue. Steve’s toes curl in the sheets as Billy withdraws his fingers, just enough that Steve really feels it when he fucks them back in. Billy’s fingers are going numb, his forearm is cramping. But he’s a goddamn gentleman

and he's going to finish what they've started.

"Seven," Billy says as he sets a brutal pace. Steve's long legs curl up and around Billy's shoulders, squeezing, "You can do it. One more. One more for me, sweetheart." Steve trembles, fingers fisting in Billy's curls and pulling. Billy hisses, nips at Steve's thigh, sucks hard until the vessels begin to burst and purple blooms beneath his mouth. "That's it," he growls, soothing the bite with his tongue. Steve's hips begin to fuck up and into Billy's fingers, his cock swaying and slipping against the mess he's made all over himself.

"*Billy*."

Steve sounds like he's crying. Billy's cock throbs between his legs. He looks up in time to see Steve's brows furrow, to see his face contort with the pleasure and the pain. Steve's cock gives a kick followed by a weak pulse as he comes with a sob. Billy eases out slowly, gathers Steve's limp, quivering body up into his arms.

"That's it," Billy says again, pressing a kiss to Steve's damp temple, "Good boy."